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ENT



THE
D^{*utch*}----Deputies.

A
S A T Y R.

Quid non Batavia fecit.



L O N D O N:

Printed in the Year 1705.

THE
D--- Deputies.

A
SATYR.

NOW, Satyr, raise thy forked Sting,
strike Deep ;
Let not all *Circe's* Charms lull thee to Sleep ;

But

But spare *Britannia*, which has done too much
 To be damn'd by those Sons of *Mud*, the D—,
 Who Worship *Mammon*, to his Altars fall,
 Thine and the Poets Plague consume 'em all.

Was't not Hard Measure for the Man of Fame,
 Who sav'd their Country? Want they not a
 (Name
 To lose his, by their Penury and Shame?
 In *Germany* they did his Fortune share,
 And Reapt the Profit of that Foreign War;
 But now they Doubt, and Stop the Conqu'ring
 (Hand
 That gave them Victory by his Wise Command.
 Mechanics, Base *Republicans*, controul
 The vast Designs of *Malbrough's* thoughtful Soul.
 Pregnant

Pregnant with Conquest, with assur'd Success,
 He with such Troops cou'd think of nothing less ;
 No Dangers threatned, but they smil'd to meet
 The pannick *French-men* trembling at their Feet.
 Such Joy express'd at their last Brave Commands,
 They *Huzza'd*, ev'ry Soldier clapp'd his Hands.
 But see, curs'd Cause ! Their Honour buried
 (there
 By Instruments, *Hell*, and the D---, prepare.
 Instructed Deputies now Interpose
 As Enemies to us, Friends to our Foes.
 With dull Disputes ward off the Fatal Blow,
 And in One Hour a whole *Campaign* undo.

How I cou'd Curse the B----r B----s for't,
 And sink em, as their Fathers were, at *Dort*.

B

Degene-

But *D----men* are beyond Example Base,
 That him they ought to Honour most, Disgrace;
 And use that Nation with the least Respect,
 Who both their Country and themselves protect;
 Who freed them first from *Alva's* Cruelty,
 Then set them, like themselves, at Liberty.
 Yet still these Water-Rats, Amphibious Brood,
 Prone to all Arts, to e'ery thing but Good,
 Have now those Deeds ungratefully forgot,
 And all the Battles we have for them fought.
 Nay, look thro' *Belgia*, you will scarcely find
 Any Remains of *William* left behind.
 Look thro' those Streets where oft the Heroe pass'd
 With Solemn Pomp, and Deathless Triumph
 (grac'd,
 Then

Then see, Oh Shame! See to your own Disgrace,
Nor let Ingratitude so long take Place.

See now how that Dear Name, once so ador'd,
Does scarce a Subject for the Mob afford.

He who with Arms preserv'd a Sinking State,
Rais'd *Belgia* First, then made *Britannia* Great.

Unthinking *D---men*, can you live and see
Your Chains broke, yet forget your Liberty?
Remember but the Fetters you were in,
Then your *Redeemers* Bless, but Curse the Sin.
The slavish Sin that o'er your Country spread,
And wou'd have set up *Lewis* for your Head.
Remember you, dull *D---men*, what is past;
Think on your Shame, and recollect at last;

Think and reflect, as Brave *Batavians* shou'd,
How all your *Freedoms* cost a Sea of Blood ;
And sure the Price was never paid in vain,
Tho' we do *Peace*, you all the *Profit* gain ;
Then think once more, and view the happy
(Cause,
That both preserves your Country and your
(Laws.
Think on the Men whose Treasures most are
(spent,
To bless your People, and your Government.

Strike then, Bold Satyr, dip thy pois'nous Pen
In ranker Venom, that may kill those Men;
Those Impious Men that barefac'd durst oppose
Glory to him who wou'd have Beat our Foes.

C

Curfe

Curse them with endless Misery that stood
 'Twixt *Marlbrough's* Fame and all the Peoples
 (Good.

Eternal Curses o'er their Actions wait,
 And Plagues 'nnumerable be their Fate.

What Plague can be too great at such a Time,
 When ev'ry Vice is heightned by this Crime?
 A Deluge, Fire and Sword, have had their
 (Course,

Yet none of these abate their Vices Force.
 These Men no Surfeit take in being Base,
 But show they're *D--men* both in War and Peace.

Is't not enough to think how once they us'd
 Great *Sidney*, whom they formerly abus'd,
 When

When in Distress they fud to us for Grace
 With *hanging* Looks, but sanctified Face?
 How Gracious was the *English* Nation then
 Cry'd up among their *Snuffling Pulpit Men*?
 When in *Buff Cassocks* 'twere they Preach'd the
 (Word
 In *Mahomet's* Doctrine for the longest Sword.
 But we may Curse their Canting Zeal and Pride,
 For which so many *English-men* have dy'd.
 Let them Revenge of any Kind devise,
 We're still the *Fools* who're made the *Sacrifice*.
De Wit will smile to meet such Imps in Hell,
 Who in Ingratitude his Death excel.
 Yet do they hope succeeding Times will be
 Impos'd on by their specious Piety:

For

For few their State Religion can discern,
 Without they ev'ry *Creed* on Earth first learn,
 Not but they Solemnly both Fast and Pray;
 After *John Calvin's Covenanting Way*:
 Yet neither Heaven nor Man alone will trust,
 Where it regards their Interest or their Lust.

But, Satyr, what has'thou to do t'explore
 The Conscience of a *D---man*, or a Whore?
 What 'tis they have, or how much they want
 (more?)

Thy Words must cut sharp as the keenest Steel,
 To make a dull *D---- Conventicler* feel.
 Their Sense is numb'd, their Reason quite put
 (out,
 And they by dark *Fanatick* Meteors led about.

A

A giddy Phantom draws them here and there,
Indifferently to Curse, or Pray, or Swear.

To Preach down Sin's a Custom and a Trade,
Of which our *Pulpiteers* have Traffick made.
Oh that we could not say our Way to Heaven
Was by our Sacred Guides trod so uneven ;
Or that it was not made a Pious Curse
To yield such Superstition to the Purse.

But *D---men* are the same, and will be so,
Inside and *Outside* can but One Side show ;
In spite of Forms his Soul's with *Mammon* lin'd,
And in all Places he is still *D---b-Kind*.
Why shou'd we then complain that many now
For private Gain injure the Publick so?
Patriots in *Holland* now are cheaply bought,
Nor blush at all to ask before they're fought.
Men must do something to be Men of Note;
Crimes are oft paid when Honesty's forgot ;

All Ages can't alike themselves refine,
Some may for Virtue, some for Riches shine.

What do the D---? Satyr can only tell,
They Live for Riches, but are Damn'd for Hell,
Eternally on Butter-Milk to Feed,
And funk the Poison of *Hell's* rankest Weed;
With *Rot-gut* Beer and *Brandy-Vin* to Live,
And from *Mundungus* never have Reprieve.

Satyr, thou needst not thy *Anathema's* bestow.
'Tis Curse enough to mention what they do;
How they like hungry Dogs in Strings are ty'd,
So near they are to Slavery ally'd.
Bred up in Ponds, and Nurs'd in Cellars Low,
Like Fish they stink of Mud e'er they can go.
So *R---* was in a *Firkin* Nurs'd,
And since to feed on *Sprats* and *Herrings* Curs'd.

Curs'd

Curs'd had he been e'er he was made a Spy,
 A Curfed *H--- M--- D---*y,
 All our Great Gen'als Projects 'to destroy.
 Had he been Barrell'd up in stinking Soap,
 Or twisted well about with *English* Rope,
Marlborough had Triumph'd, *England* had been Free
 From *D---b* Designs and *Gallick* Tyranny.
 Our Mother Isle blest in full Peace had lain,
 And *D---men* never troubled her again.
 'Gainst all the foreseen open Bolts of Fate
 Firmly we had secur'd the *British* State,
 From *France* and *Holland's* Pride, and *Tyber's* Hate.

But *D---men* saw our Pow'r with Discontent,
 They saw us great, and blest the Choice they sent.
 Each well-instructed prov'd *Achitophel*,
 Which Word alone contains it self a Hell.
 These *Camp Spies* wait, and hang, those Damn'd
 (*D---b Burrs*)
 In Idle Chat employ our Fighting Hours.

Their

Their croaking Voices to the Center struck,
 While all the Soldiers round their Gen'ral flock.
 With joyful Hearts for Vengeance they prepare,
 Whose Shouts half kill'd the *French-men* with
 (Despair.

Here *H---k*, Leader of *D---b* Ambition,
 And all the Sweets of Gain to them well known,
 With full Instructions interpos'd his Voice,
 Said Fighting never was the *D---mens* Choice;
 How I could Curse the dull dry'd *Haddock* for't,
 A *H---k*, *S---n*, or a *R---t*,
 May all their *Cheese* with rotten *Mites* be Curs'd,
 May all their *Butter* stink, and *Barrels* burst,
 Their *Wives* turn *Bawds*, their *Daughters* errand
 (*Whores*,
 And turn them all like *Scoundrels* out of Doors,
 Some little *Shutterkin* Nurse in their Room,
 And spend their Substance to encrease their
 (Doom.

May for their Sakes their Women *Bullies*
 (prove,
 And walk the Streets with wild *Romantick* Love,
 Cuckold their Husbands in each other's Sight,
 And Teach their *Deputies* next time to Fight.
 Amongst them let the Fighting Frolick Reign,
 Nor let *M—er* once offer to complain,
 Till by themselves they've made a *Brave Campaign*.
 Till then let ev'ry *D---man* bear this Curse,
 To have his Belly empty and his Purse,
 Never drink *Brandy*, or eat *Herrings* more,
 But lose his Venture e'er he reach the Shore;
 Let him thro' ev'ry Pain and Misery run,
 Till he courts *Death* he did so vilely shun;
 Then let him leave this World in Discontent,
 And never want a Coward's Punishment.

But, Satyr, spend not all thy Rancour here,
 Let *S—n* as he merits have his Share;

E First

First bear his Country's Crimes, and then his
 (own,
 And Purge him by thy *Inquisition*.

What Town or Country yet has made Defence
 Against *French* Gold, or *D---b* Intelligence?
 I would not brand them with *Amboynd's* Fate,
 Or recollect some Cruelties as late;
 But search thro' *Holland* you will neither find
 Those VVorldling *Earthworms* civiliz'd or kind,
 But rude in Manners, unpolite in Sence,
 Narrow their Souls, but wide of Conscience.
 Intemperance chiefly Reigns among the Poor,
 As *Poverty* lyes at the Rich Man's Door,
 And may lye still unless his Hands can VVork;
 He shows no Pity, he's the True Christian *Turk*.
 But were there Gold he'd lick his Sugar'd Tongue,
 And with soft VVords delude the open Throng;
 Slily creep into every secreet Place,
 And for his Interest bear the worst Disgrace.

Sell V Wife or Children, or his Soul, for Gain,
 And suffer Hunger, the worst Sort of Pain,
 To stock his Coffers, and his Neighbours drein.

Satyr, proceed with thy Poetick Rage,
 Nor cease to Curse the Villains of this Age.
 No more let Cowardice, and D——Trepidity,
 Among our *English* VVorthies Number'd be ;
 Pale Envy now shall hang her drooping Head,
 And never more her Influence dare to spread ;
 No longer Happy shall be *Holland's* Name,
 But henceforth stil'd *Europe's* Eternal Shame.
 As in *Greek* Story we of Countries read
 That for their Sins have often chang'd their Breed
 Of Men or Manners, so no more appears,
 But all are there transform'd to *Dogs* and *Bears* :

But the mistaken World may fancy yet
 That Happiness there keeps her peaceful Seat ;

Who see their thronged Streets still ebb and
 (flow,
 With Waves of People crouding to and fro ;
 Who with such artful Beauty and Surprize,
 See all their Palaces and Temples rise ;
 VWho see their *Navies* daily plow the Main,
 VWith a full Harvest blest of Foreign Gain ;
 Some Freightèd with the Golden Spoils o'th' *West*,
 Some with the shining Entrails of the *East*.
 So a poor *Swain* viewing a Tyrant's State,
 With secret Envy does applaud his Fate ;
 Learns not to value his own peaceful Rest,
 Nor sees the Cause that Racks the Tyrant's Breast.
 Thus *Ætna* to the distant Sailors Sight
 Its verdant Top discovers shining bright ;
 But yet within its burning Womb contains
 Nought but Combustible Sulphureous Veins.

But now I know the Cause, it must be it,
 The D—b wage open War with *Fame* and *Wit*.

Learning and *Fame* a *Lease of Life* can give,
 And make *Mens Names* in *After-Ages* Live ;
 But these to *Anarchy* were never *Friends*,
 But *Baulk* *Ignoble*, *Base*, *Republick* *Ends* ;
 Therefore these *Lights* must out, that they again
 In *Night* and *Darkness* uncontroul'd may *Reign*.
 Like some *Bold Villains* who *Fame's Archives* burns,
 And all the *Blest Remains* to *Ashes* turns,
 That there no *Proof* in future *Times* may be
 Of their *Low Birth* and *Dunghil Pedigree*.

Nurs'd at the *Breast* their *Parents* drew before,
 Suck nought but *Blood* and *Unconcocted Gore* ;
 The *Sun's* kind *Rays* can choicest *Beings* form,
 If pure and fine, the *Subject* which they warm.
 But if on *Mud* receiv'd how can they *Chuse*
 But *Frogs*, and *Toads*, and such vile *Births* produce ?

Such are the *D---n*, such their *Degenerate Race*,
 Of ev'ry *Nation* got something that's *Base* ;

These to the Market-place will ever Crowd,
 And strive for Profit to be always Loud.
 How truly D---men will for Money grieve,
 That not a Tear for Virtue's Sake will give?
 They can lament a Friend or Father's Loss,
 Compelling Drops Ill-nature seem to Crows;
 But if Concerns of Profit those obtain,
 We may conclude they no such Sorrow feign.

What Plague so desperately their Souls infects,
 As that we find their Niggard Vice Effects?
 For this they forfeit Honour, Life, or Fame,
 Destroying Virtue to Enrich their Name.
 Their Friendship cheaper than their Grain will
 (Sell,
 Whose Coin th' Impression of their Love does tell.
 Thus they the inward Soul of Vice conceal,
 Till their ill Actions their false Hearts reveal.
 A worthless Ally who would not Neglect,
 Since by our Services we claim Respect?

Though

Though many Ways on Mankind Fate impends,
 It most appears in disuniting Friends.
 The Bounds of our Alliance we shou'd weigh,
 Left we beyond its Bounds our selves convey;
 Our Countries Interest we ought first preserve,
 Opposing such who from it Ill deserve.

Did not the *D---b* us as their Friends invite,
 To assist their Arms, and for their Country fight?
 Then a'n't they worthy of the Villain's Name,
 That on our Ruin wou'd exalt their Fame?
 Do they not set our Souldiers Hearts on Fire,
 Whose Rage without their Blood will scarce
 (expire?

Their Populace they to Sedition move,
 For we have well deserv'd their Peoples Love.
 There's none but *D---men* but wou'd have comply'd,
 None wou'd have else our *Marlbro's* Fame deny'd.
 Who stopp'd such a Succesful Brave Advance,
 But *D---* to *Rome*, and Friends to *France*?

Thus

Thus no Excuse our Amity can give,
 Such Base Designs deserve not a Reprieve;
 What made ~~Rome~~ such a flourishing Estate,
 But that Her Magistrates were Good and Great?
 Knew when Rewards and Punishments were due,
 Nor ceas'd to give 'em because Rare or New.
 Never protected Deputies they sent
 When in the City there was Discontent;
 When to their Allies they did useless prove,
 Increas'd their Jealousies, or forfeited their Love.
 All these were Crimes they did of Old Regard,
 And justly Punish'd as they did Reward.

But Virtue is not reckon'd now the same,
 Conspicuous to Posterity and Fame;
 Mens Actions only have by Death encrease,
 Fame most unenvied Lives at Life's Decease.

F I N I S



